

MONDELL, FRANK

Dec 12
7

FRONTIER DAYS AND DAYS OF WYOMING

Another Promotion From the Ranks

When the Burlington System was built thro Wyoming, via Newcastle and Sheridan, to Billings, Montana; a young man was employed in the commissar department of the construction company. He was a good clerk and made fri and money for his employers.

When the road left Wyoming he decided to leave the construction compa He returned to Newcastle to make his home, married an estemable lady and appeared to be permently located, untill he heard the call of a political career. He was elected to the National Hause of Representatives; was re-elected term after term untill a few years ago, when he retired from the National legislature, and has since served in an important department^{at} position at Washington.

He served his adopted state well and faithfully, has hosts of friends both in his western home and at the Nation's capital.

Hon. Frank Mondell has just cause to look back with satisfaction up on the many accomplishments of his long and faithful service in the U.S. House of Representative. He has gone far from the commissary tent of Kilpatrick Brothers B.&M. contractors.

J.K. Calkins.

Santa Monica, California.

April 2, 1929.

Christmas

The following material taken from the Christmas Edition of the Leader and News Journal gives a very good character sketch of one of the most prominent men of this country, not only locally but nationally.--
The honorable Frank W. Mondell.

"Mr. Mondell has the distinction of being the most widely and favorably known person in Wyoming. Having that faculty of making friends, warm ones and plenty of them, wherever he goes, he has succeeded in building a circle of acquaintances of which any statesman might be justly proud. Like many another public man he comes from humble parentage. At an early age he is seen an orphan engaged in the agricultural pursuits of Iowa. Having been left to fight the battles of life for himself, his march from the plough to the floors of Congress is one of particular interest. Not content with the limited possibilities of the farm hand, he set to work to improve his condition, and next appears in a mercantile establishment. Mr. Mondell came west in the early 1880's and engaged in the railway construction business. Here we see him work from water boy to the owner of a grading outfit, his last work of this kind being done in Weston County. In 1889 he became interested in Newcastle real estate and has to this day made this place his home. Enterprise and public spirit made him a man of marked influence in Weston County and in 1890 he was elected to Wyoming's first senate, and in 1892 was chosen president of that body. Mr. Mondell was Newcastle's first mayor, and held that office for five consecutive terms. In 1894 he received the nomination for Congressman on the Republican ticket and was elected by a good

majority. His familiarity with western land conditions was soon recognized and in 1896 he was appointed assistant commissioner of the general land office. In 1898 he was again returned to Congress and so much had his work in behalf of Wyoming and the country at large been felt that at the recent election he was returned for the third time to that body, this time by the largest majority ever received by any candidate within the state.

Mr. Mondell was married May 13, 1899 to Miss Ida Harris of Laramie, Wyoming. Mrs. Mondell was born and reared in Laramie, her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, being among the most prominent and well to do citizens of Albany County. It is needless to say that a man of high personal qualities will sooner or later aspire to even loftier heights, and that the people of Wyoming demand it, knowing that he has been their greatest friend in the past and that he will be a still greater friend in the future."

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The First Newspapers in Weston County

The first newspaper in Weston County was the Stockade Journal, owned by the Nefsy Brothers of Sundance. When Tub Town was started The Nefsy Brothers sent a young fellow by the name of Dow to edit the 10 x 12 sheet in Tub Town. When Tub Town moved to Newcastle the printing office moved too, and the Stockade Journal evolved into the Newsletter Journal.

This excerpt was taken from the files of the Leader and News Journal, which papers went together to put out a fine special number for Christmas.

"The Weston County Leader was established in 1898 by its present publisher B. F. Hilton and is considered one of the leading weeklies of the state. Notwithstanding the fact that the Leader has only been in existence a little over two years, its subscription list tallies well with older papers. The Leader is one of the best advertising mediums in Wyoming. It is republican in politics and has proved to be a powerful aid to that party. Its job department is complete, being fitted with new material from start to finish, and it enjoys a liberal patronage from the merchants and citizens of this town.

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In the summer of 1890, the Newcastle News was established by F. H. Hall and was a progressive paper.

Finding the field too limited for two newspapers, in the latter part of 1891, they were consolidated under the head of Newcastle News Journal, with F. H. Hall as proprietor and editor.

Since that time there has been several changes in ownership, but the paper has continued to be the leading paper of the County and continually recognized as the official paper.

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Bibliography

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CHECKED FOR ACCURACY BY Olaf B. Kongsli TITLE Teacher PLACE Newcastle

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Olaf B. Kongsli, Newcastle, Weston Co.

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Date Dec. 5 - 1938

COUNTY Campbell

Regarding Frontier Days
and Days of Wyoming

Series No. F. II. - S. II & III

Drawer No. 6

Interviewer Lusie Mills Walker

Address Gillette - Wyoming

Subject:

Weston Co.

The Honorable Frank W. Mandell

Source: Leader and News Journal

Worker: Kongolie, Olof B.

Date:

Words: 770

Kongolie, Blaf B.

Weston Co.

The Honorable Frank W. Mondell

Source: Leader and News Journal

Date:

Words, estimated: 770

These copies are

~~This copy is~~ mostly all spaced wrongly and I put in the word space wrong where this occurred. The margin on right is entirely wrong. Many capitals are left out in words such as Indian. I have not counted the words in the headings such as the titles, introduction etc. as I did not think you wanted them. Am I doing it correctly?

Mrs. Fadner

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O.B. Kongsle
Weston County

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HIS 6TH NOMINATION

IT was a foregone conclusion that Hon. Frank Mondell would be the candidate to succeed himself in *some word* the United States Congress. *None* other name has been given a thought. At Casper his name was on every tongue and the rousing reception he received must have been a source of satisfaction to him. It was at Casper that he received his first nomination. -----
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to close margin

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successfully than a large one at a loss. In his investigation of this particular phase of farming, he was surprised to find that those communities with the smallest farming areas were the most successful.

In his congressional work, Mr. Mondell has been aggressive, fearless, thorough and effective. His state has ever received proper recognition at the hands of the president of the United States, the several departments of Washington and his co-workers in the House of representatives. No western has been given more important work to perform and no congressman has been more efficient.

In the recent session of congress Mr. Mondell secured the passage of an act of great value to the entire state. Reference is made to the act providing to ²entries to forest reserve land more valuable for agriculture than for forestry purposes. Under this act, many tracts of land in the forest reserves of Wyoming may be entered. This land is valuable because of its proximity to water and timber. Generally speaking this land is more sheltered than prairie land. There was a great hue and cry in Wyoming two years ago because of the withdrawal of lands for ^{space} forestry purposes that had no semblance of forest on them. This evil is now obviated.-----

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It is a high compliment to the intelligence of the people of Wyoming that Mr. Mondell's majorities have grown larger and larger as he grows older in the service. All indications point to the conclusion that in the election this fall, he will poll the banner vote.

The following excerpts are pictures of life in old Cambria when it was a booming coal mining town. It is now a deserted Ghost Town. These sketches were taken from the Newcastle NEWS - JOURNAL, dated May 11, 1900.

LOG ROLLING

Camp 5009 M. W. . A. of Cambria will give a log rolling ball on Fri. eve May 18 . 1900 at the Cambria opera house.

The chips will be carefully swept from the floor, the key will hang on the outside of the door and all our friends are earnestly requested to attend. Do not let the children keep you at home ^{space bring} but bring them with you and let us have a good old western time.

Admission to all parts of the show is free. We want it strictly understood however, that intoxicants are not tolerated.

WE WILL CELEBRATE.

The glorious 4th will be properly observed in Newcastle. At a public meeting of our citizens held in the city hall last evening, it was decided that the citizens of the county be requested to join with the ^ppeople of Newcastle in a fitting observation of the coming 4th of July.----- Those who interviewed the people of Cambria assured the meeting of the cordial co- operation of the ^{space wrong} people of that progressive town. At the close of the meeting it was unanimously decided that a rousing celebration be held in Newcastle and committees were appointed to begin preparations.

OBSERVATIONS - APRIL, 20. 1900

Newcastle having had two Sundays of Easter observance, we ^{space wrong} presume that those who worshiped among the gorgeous array of head gear and display of streaming ribbons, will be content to take their religion straight for a while here after.

Checked for accuracy

By L. A. Henderson

Title Geologist Place Newcastle

Ada M. Fadden

Research Field Worker - Laramie, Wyo

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Olaf B. Kongslic
Newcastle, Weston, Co.

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This was taken from old issues of the News Letter-Journal

REPRODUCED FROM

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Olaf B Kongsli,
Newcastle, Weston Co.

**SUPPLEMENT TO THE REGIONAL DESCRIPTION OF THE WYOMING-
BLACK HILLS REGION AND NIOBRARA COUNTY.**

space wrong
The Chicago Northwestern Railroad was built through Lusk on July 12 1886. The new town was eagerly awaiting the advent. Lots had been sold and many buildings were under construction. The community looked forward to a boom period and the commercializing on its many products, both mineral and agricultural. The citizens planned a grand celebration to comemorate the coming of the railroad. A solid silver spike was driven with a copper hammer, both products of local mines, and speeches, races, shooting matches and a grand ball in the evening rounded out the program of the celebration.

The following is an excerpt from the Lusk Herald, July 9, 1886, reprinted in the Golden Jubilee Edition ^{space wrong} of the Herald. "Millions of dollars in undeveloped resourses, touched by the magic wand will spring up to enrich the hardy pioneer. Look out for the boom! Lumber, brick and lime are already at the new town, and capital lies in the bank impatiently waiting to secure lots on which to erect fine buildings and fill them with all kinds of fine merchandise. The cattle shipments from this point will reach into the thousands..... The rich mines of silver, copper and mica in Rawhide Buttes and Muskrat and Whalen Canyons will be worked. The Fairbanks Smelter will soon be red hot, and others built to wrest from adamantine rocks their primeval stores of mineral wealth. Lusk is the center- the nucleus, as it were, around which clusters this galaxy of natural riches. She will boom! Why not?" When the town was two weeks old a score of business places had been erected and open for a flourishing trade and many other places of business and homes were being built.

Supplement to Regional ~~Survey~~ description

The following excerpts from the Lusk Herald shows the hearty welcome and encouragement extended to the rising business concerns in Lusk. "The pioneer clothiers S. Adamsky & Co, occupied the next building, which will ^{soon} be crowded with the finest stock in eastern Wyoming. Mr. Adamsky knows how to buy right and is always ready to sell right. Walker and Waters have a fine saloon in the next lot. The boys are old cow-punchers and are doing a good business....." So did the new town spring up quickly as mushrooms to carry on the trade of a fast developing country. The first settlement at Lusk was made at the Silver ^{Creek} ~~Chick~~ Mine in the winter of 1880. Lusk, like many other western towns sprang from a mining camp. It ~~was~~ a good example of a pioneer town and it is still progressing and prospering as it is a main shipping point for ^a great cattle raising and petroleum area.

Lance Creek is the main oil producing center of Niobrara and Manville is surrounded by a great dry farming and stock raising region.

Niobrara County has "The Spanish Diggings," excavations of great antiquity. When first discovered this old quarry was thought to have been dug by the spaniards in their far flung search for gold, hence the name Spanish Diggings, but scientists have since found it to be the stone quarry of a primitive race. The indians knew nothing about the excavation, not even the oldest members of the tribes knew any legends connected with it.

According to geology and ethnology it was dug by primitive people who inhabited this country before the indians made their homes here. These people were thought to be more peaceful than the indians as according to the tools manufactured they indulged largely in agricultural pursuits. The story of their struggle with

Supplement Regional Description

^{an} encroaching race of fierce savages is gradually being drawn from the shadows of antiquity by the scientists. To all appearances their work in the stone quarries^u was brought to a sudden end, very likely by some hostile ho^urde who swept down upon them in overwhelming numbers, or perhaps by some unfriendly demonstration of nature.

The Spanish Diggings is not the only stone quarry to be found here; it is just one of many in the quartzite bed, covering a region of four hundred miles square in Niobrara and Platte Counties. This region ten miles wide and forty miles long starts in the southern Black Hills and extends down towards Guernsey and Glendo on the Platte River. The Spanish Diggings are in the south-west corner of Niobrara County, about thirty five miles from Lusk.

To these crude quarries primitive men came from great distances to hew out their implements. As we now prize iron and steel for our tools those ancient prized the hard, dense quartzite for theirs, finding the stone in this region peculiarly adapted to the making of their implements on account of its hardness and its breakage in ^hconco^hidal fractures. This was a ~~stone~~ manufacturing center for them and from these stone factories came a great variety of implements. Weapons for war and the hunt, axes, hammers, hoes, scrapers and grinders, the greater portion of the tools being agricultural, showing these people were primitive farmers.

Here in their crude factories they must have labored prodigiously through many long centuries^{is}, for they scattered their handiwork over a large area. An ancient village was discovered fifteen hundred miles away in Ohio, and in the same strata, estimated to be two thousand years old, was found tools from the Wyoming quartzite beds. Not only is the stone of this region peculiar but the workmanship is also easily identified. Many tools have been found in the neighboring

#Supplement Regional Description .
states and even in the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley. The Spanish Diggings is the main quartzite quarry. Other mines yielded Jasper, Moss Agate and Chalcedony. That these quarries were worked for many centuries is shown by the vast amount of chips, cores and refuse material at the side of operations.

At the Holmes Quarry, sixteen miles southwest of Keeline, a cross made out of refuse material may be seen. It extends one hundred feet on the south slope of a hill and shows distinctly, in spite of the years of erosion that have passed over it. ^{apparently} ~~Apparently~~ row of stone mounds run from the foot of the cross to a distance of almost a mile into the valley. The cross was probably used in some religious ceremony.

The laborers that worked here so long lived in villages near the quarries, as shown by the many teepee rings, or circles of stone, used for the foundation of brush or skin huts. Some were farther away by springs or rivers, but they were all work shops as the great amount of chips or stone refuse about them attest.

Some of the greatest archaeologists have visited these quarries and exhibits of the work are to be seen in large museums all over the United States. Time and again, it has been proposed to make this region a national park, but on account of its great area this has been difficult to do. However part of it should certainly be preserved as one of the great ethnological studies of our continent. Those visiting the quarry should be adjured not to disturb or carry away the specimen as this spoils the field for scientific research.

Mr. Hans Gautschi of Lusk has devoted years to the study of the quarries and is an authority on the subject.

CHECKED FOR ACCURACY

BY****

TITLE

PLACE

The historic Cheyenne-Deadwood stage road ran north and south through Niobrara County. It crossed Rawhide Creek near the south border of Niobrara County and went on through Lusk and Hat Creek crossing the Cheyenne River and Alkali Creek near the Weston County line. The monument and grave of George Lathrop may be seen on highway 20 near Lusk. For years Mr. Lathrop drove the coach between Cheyenne and Larmie and when the last coach was sent out he was the proud driver. Mr. Lathrop wrote an autobiography entiteled "Memoirs Of A Pioneer." This story told in his own picturesque language is a fascinating account of his long and active life on the plains. The Lusk Herald published the memoirs after his death and raised enough money to errect a magnificent memorial for this fine pioneer citizen.

The memorial, a work of art, is set in the center of the Cheyenne-Black Hills stage road, between Lusk and Manville.

About fourteen miles south of Lusk on the old stage road, is another monument, but this monument is only a pile of stones, overgrown with cactus and sage brush. Those that lie under this crude edifice are unhonored and unsung, for their deeds did not contribute to the progress of the new country. However they have their place in the annals of that colorful past which saw the sacrifice of heroes and the dastardly deeds of the less heroic, pass ^{ed} by in a long pagent.

The dead that sleep here are "Old Mother Featherlegs", George McFadden, and "Cousin Ike" Diapert. Old Mother Featherlegs was a notorious woman, who ran a road ranch which stood where her grave is now located. She was a go-between for road agents and other desperadoes and kept large sums of stolen money and jewelery for them. As to be expected she was murdered for the loot and thus her ^{turbulent} ~~light~~ career was ended. She recieved the name, "Old Mother Featherlegs", from the

cowboys because she wore long red pantalettes which flapped about her ankles, especially when she rode horseback.

George McFadden was murdered and Ike Diapert committed suicide. These two men were life long enemies so it was thought best to bury Old Mother Featherlegs between them.

At lightening Creek, about fifty miles north of Lusk, occurred the last battle with the indians in eastern Wyoming. This battle took place the last of october in 1903. A party of Sioux indians from South Dakota had been hunting deer and antelope in defiance of the game laws in the rough country around Lightening Creek. They would heed no warning, so sherrif Miller from Newcastle set out with a posse to arrest them. They met the indians on Lightening Creek and a short battle ensued in which sherrif Miller and deputy Falkenburg were killed and several indians including the leader Eagle Feather. The remaining indians escaped into South Dakota.

Though this battle ended with such tragic consequences it served to show the indians that they had to obey the law and stop their depredations in this part of the country for all times. 32

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BY Edith A. Clark Ada M. Fadner
TITLE Postmaster Research Field Worker
PLACE Newcastle, Wyo. Laramie, Wyo.

O. B. Kongellie
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Mr. Mondell was married May 15, 1899 to Miss Ida Harris of Laramie, Wyoming. Mrs. Mondell was born and reared in Laramie, her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, being among the most prominent and well-to-do citizens of Albany County. It is needless to say that a man of high personal qualities will sooner or later aspire to even loftier heights, and that the people of Wyoming demand it, knowing that he has been their greatest friend in the past and that he will be a still greater friend in the future."

The First Newspapers in Weston County

The first newspaper in Weston County was the Stockade Journal, owned by the Hofey Brothers of Sundance. When Tub Town was started The Hofey Brothers sent a young fellow by the name of Dow to edit the 10 x 12 sheet in Tub Town. When Tub Town moved to Newcastle, the printing office moved too, and the Stockade Journal evolved into the Newsletter Journal.

This excerpt was taken from the files of The Leader and News Journal, which papers went together to put out a fine special number for Christmas.

"The Weston County Leader was established in 1898 by its present publisher B. F. Hilton, and is considered one of the leading weeklies of the state. Notwithstanding the fact that the Leader

has only been in existence a little over two years, its subscription list tallies well with older papers. The Leader is one of the best advertising mediums in Wyoming. It is Republican in politics and has proved to be a powerful aid to that party. Its job department is complete, it being fitted with new material from start to finish, and it enjoys a liberal patronage from the merchants and citizens of this town.

The News Journal

The Newcastle Journal was one of the pioneer enterprises of Newcastle, having been established by Honorable J. L. Stotts and Harry C. Hensel in July 1889. Upon the organization of Weston County, in 1890, it was made the official paper of the County and has continued in that capacity up to the present day.

In the summer of 1890, the Newcastle News was established by F. H. Hall and was a progressive paper.

Finding the field too limited for two newspapers, in the latter part of 1891, they were consolidated under the head of Newcastle News Journal, with F. H. Hall as proprietor and editor.

Since that time there^{has} been several changes in ownership, but the paper has continued to be the leading paper of the County and continually recognized as the official paper.

Politically, the News Journal has always warmly supported the Republican principles and given the candidates of that party its unwavering allegiance.

CHECKED FOR ACCURACY BY ALICE KONGSLE TITLE; TEACHER

PLACE: NEWCASTLE

Bibliography Taken from Leader and News-Journal, Date unknown.

*Ada M. Fadden
Research Field Worker
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The following autobiography of Frank Mondell is in itself a history of this region. He is acquainted with this country, its topography, resources, early history and peculiarities as perhaps that lives or has ever lived no other man in the county. The account was sent to the Newcastle Newsletter and was published in serials during the early fall months.

MY STORY

An Autobiography by Frank Wheeler Mondell

(The Newsletter Journal would be glad to publish the story as Mr. Mondell gives it in full, but it is too long for our space. We are very glad, however, to have the opportunity to give to our readers that portion of Mr. Mondell's story relating to his activities related to this immediate section. It recounts the interesting history of the beginning of our ~~local~~ local development and the building and early history of Newcastle and Cambria. Ed.)

THE STORY UP TO THIS TIME: Mr. Mondell's story begins with the immigration of the first Mondell to America. It covers the family history up to his birth in St. Louis, Missouri, December 6, 1860. He then recounts his experiences as an orphan boy on an Iowa farm; as a young man seeking his fortune in the West. In the early 80s he engaged in various kinds of construction work, finally becoming a member of the railroad building organization of Kilpatrick Brothers and Collins. These activities extended over a number of western plains and mountain states and finally took Mr. Mondell to Sterling Colorado on a line being constructed by the Burlington Railroad from Holdrege Nebraska to Cheyenne Wyoming. For a number of years prior to this year, 1887, there had been much pioneer railroad construction

in the west. But this activity was diminishing. It behooved those engaged in railroad construction to be on the lookout for new opportunities, and it is at this time and under these circumstances that we take up Mr. Mondell's story at Sterling.

As a contract neared completion, there was always speculation as to future work. There had been quite a decided checking in on the onward march of Western Railway construction, and camp gossip was to the effect that after the line we were on was completed, there was nothing in the way of railroad construction work in prospect.

It was about the first of October 1887, that Robert Kilpatrick first spoke to me about an expedition into the western border of the Black Hills in north eastern Wyoming with a view of locating a vein of locomotive coal and opening a mine. The Burlington was still looking forward to the completion of the projected line to the Black Hills. In fact their plans ran still farther afield. Mr. Holdridge, the manager, had a fine ranch on Goose Creek in northern Wyoming. In that direction lay a vast and rich stock country, into which the road was desirous of extending its line; beyond lay Montana and the trans continental line of the Northern Pacific.

In this vast virgin territory there was prospect of great development. In harmony with their larger plan, the crack locating engineer of the Burlington, had surveyed a tentative line beyond the Black Hills and to Sheridan country at the base of the Big Horn Mountains. It seems there was some difference of opinion among the Burlington officials as to the advisability of further extension towards the Black Hills, and particularly with regard to the extension beyond the Hills toward Montana. All agreed however, that these extensions should not be undertaken unless coal suitable to locomotive use could be found somewhere on the projected line.

In the area beyond the Hills, beginning in the Belle Fourche country and extending to and beyond Goose Creek country. There was no end of coal-

such as it is. Massive veins of lignite of varying grades, improving in quality as one went north, were exposed to view in every creek bed and water wash- good fuel this, for many purposes, but impossible for us in the locomotives of the day. Curiously enough, no one thought at the time of adjusting the fire boxes and exhausts to this fuel; that came later. What was needed now was ~~any~~ coal somewhere in that north west country that a locomotive as then ~~was~~ built and equipped, could burn, and it appeared likely that until this fundamental want could be supplied, there would be little further extension of the Burlington into the northwest.

During the summer Jefferson B. Weston, Nebraska pioneer and banker, mutual friend of the Burlington officials and the Kilpatricks, had driven over a portion of ^{Gillett survey} ~~Gillett survey~~ and on Oil Creek near the Wyoming line had met one, Mike Gladhough, who had found some small pieces of Coal, washed out of Fuller Canyon by floods and following up the Canyon had located two thin bands from which these fragments had broken. They had been analyzed and proved to be bituminous coal. If a workable vein were found and made available for locomotive purposes, the Burlington would be disposed to extend its line onto north eastern Wyoming. If Kilpatrick Brothers were instrumental in finding such coal and having a mine opened, they would stand a good chance of securing a contract for the building of such a line- or at least if their bid was low enough. The line would be more than three hundred miles in length- a contract worth striving for. Just how much of this Robert Kilpatrick told at this first interview I don't remember. At any rate he proposed that I go into Wyoming to the place where these thin bands of coal, said to be suitable for engine use, had been found and endeavor to locate a workable vein.

Just why I was selected for this job I have never known. I Had some knowledge of geology and minerology based on the study influenced by the granite ~~boulder~~ boulder on the Iowa homestead , and gleaned by further study and inquiry spurred by the sojourn among the mines on the Ten Mile. Of the nature of coal , of the manner of its occurrence, or of its mining, I knew but little, but here was opportunity for real adventure into a romantic region of a quest which, if successful, ~~may~~ might have far reaching results I tried to somewhat conceal the enthusiasm with which I received the proposal and thanking my employer for the confidence indicated by his offer, told him I would be glad to go forth on the coal hunt and immediately began preparations for the journey.

Some where I found a book or two relating to coal and coal mining and in my search came upon a recent report on the Black Hills which I read reverently. It gave a brief description of the geology of the Hills - followed by an inspiring review of their precious minerals, and towards the close, seemingly as a sort of afterthought the statement- " None of the measures of the Black Hills ~~platt/are/are/~~ uplift are coal bearing." If the author had written that paragraph for the special purpose of discouraging my enterprise, he could not have worded it more effectively. and yet I said to myself " They have found some coal so the writer must have been mistaken." I did not report my find. It was my business to prove if possible that this expert was mistaken.

It was a modest outfit that Jim Walters and I got together for our venture into the unknown. Two tents, some cooking utensils, a few mining ~~tools~~ tools, several kegs of powder, enough provisions to last thirty days, our bed rolls and some heavy clothes in which was wrapped a good winchester rifle. All these with a good strong wagon and four stout horses, we loaded into a box car and took up our journey to Buffalo Gap, on the eastern ~~slope~~ slope nearly a hundred miles across the Black Hills.

The Black Hills which spread broadly into Wyoming are a great uplift of pine clad hills and rugged peaks rising abruptly above a vast surrounding sea of flat or rolling treeless plains. It was the favorite home and hunting ground of the Sioux and they defended it stoutly until the Federal Government urged by a resistless tide of gold seekers, had some ten years before our coming, persuaded the red men thru means familiar to our history, surrender these happy hunting grounds to the white man. The region is as fair as the country around it is in its ~~not~~ natural state, sombre and uninteresting. Its numberless small vallies are fertile, its pine clad hill sides, its jumbled rocks and sharp granite peaks, picturesque and beautiful.

On a balmy morning in October John and I with our heavily loaded four, took up the trek across the central hills toward our Wyoming destination. Country were heavy and the going slow. In the early afternoon we camped amid the pines on the banks of a purling trout stream, near where President Coolidge nearly forty years later made his summer residence. As the sun was setting gloriously behind the tree crowned hills, we drew into a beautiful and picturesque valley and the town of Custer, named for the dashing warrior of the plains the year he and his gallant command fell before the encircling savage onslaught of the Sioux on the Little Big Horn.

The first flush of the Black Hills gold rush had subsided, the rich placers had been panned out and many a promising vein had disappointed ~~the~~ its workers, but certain sections had proven rich, and there were optimistic souls who still dreamed of the fabled wealth of Alladin's cave in every quartz lead. Under the lowering sky of the early morning after our arrival, the jolly and rotund Teutonic host of our hotel pointed successively to the four quarters of the compass, assuring us that each was "fairly lousy" with one form or another of mineral wealth. But he had never heard of there being any coal, and so, without revealing our purpose or

destination, we took up our road to the west.

In those latitudes , the autumnal equinox frequently presents a variety of weather and as we slowly wound our way into the portals of Hell's Canyon, a driving snow storm came on. There was no longer a road but an old dim trail winding thru the bottom of the geological gash which early travelers had appropriately named. As the afternoon wore on the snow thickened. The wind increased and passing out of the canyon we entirely lost our way and went rocking over stony hill tops and plunging thru heavy snow drifts. Good luck brought us to the ranch house of "Elk Mountain" Smith. The horses comfortably sheltered in Smiths barn, we sat down to an appetizing supper of venison and corn cakes in the big log dining room of the ranch and by the light of blazing logs in the great fire place we listened to the tales of adventure that Smith had experienced along the Deadwood-Sidney Stage coach road in earlier days.

Our instructions as to our destination were to keep the Hell's Canyon trail to the L A K ranch, the old "Jenny stockade" on the border of Wyoming and from there to follow, if we could, the old round up trail some five miles along the western slope of the Hills to where it was said we might expect to find some recent wagon tracks climbing the flank of the hills to a rolling table land and thence some miles farther to the log cabin of Jim Fuller at the head of Fuller Canyon. The morning dawned clear and bright with the snow melting rapidly; every dry wash and swale ran deep with a muddy flood and there were no bridges. Travel was therefore slow and the suns rays came level from the west as we navigated a gap in the Hills into the valley of Stockade Beaver, and saw below us the substantial log buildings of the L A K where we hoped to pass another comfortable night.

We were disappointed in this expectation however ; the owner was not at home; there had been some disagreement between the locating engineers and the ranch people, and, assuming that we were some way

connected with the proposed line, we found no welcome. Crossing the creek, which we found near swimming deep, we labored thru the gathering twilight westward. We were about to camp when we discovered the water of the clear little stream we had reached was salt. Plunging on through the gloom we camped on the banks of a small, muddy stream near the mouth of a narrow canyon. It was a wet, dreary camp. We undoubtedly would have been cheered could we have realized that within two years we begin the conversion of our camping ground into a bustling frontier town.

A short distance beyond our camp a dim but fresh trail wound thru the stunted pine and cedar up the flank of the Hills. Our stout team had to be rested every few minutes and it was late afternoon before we reached the summit, then dropping abruptly down ~~thru~~ a shale hill and traveling thru low pines, we reached the open table land and were cheered by the light in the Fuller cabin-our journey's end.

* * *

Fuller Canyon heads abruptly into the table land where a spring had formed a great cave in the soft sandstone, and here, a year before, a flood of water spout dimensions had plunged toward the plain, and about a half mile down the canyon, torn deep into the disintegrated rock and exposed for a few feet in the canyon bottom, two narrow bands of coal. On the edge of the table land, a hundred yards above the coal exposure, we pitched our tents and constructed temporary shelter for our horses on the hill side. While thus engaged, there came to us from down the trail a deep-voiced salutation. Looking up we beheld a figure of towering height and corresponding breadth. A mighty head surmounted by masses of curly red hair, heavily lined features illuminated by a broad and friendly smile. It might have been old Thor, himself. Instead it was "Big Mike" Gladhough.

Squatting on the grass beside our tent I discussed with Big Mike the plan of campaign. The winter would soon be upon us with heavy snows

Warm camps were essential. Mike, who proved himself a mighty man with adz and broad ax, was employed to aid and superintend the construction of the camp on a pine sheltered bench in a canyon near the coal vein and he advised as to helpers in that undertaking. By noon the location had been selected, the clearing of the ground undertaken and from this beginning that part of our work went steadily forward.

The weeks before we completed our log cabins, were cold and windy and our thin tents on the exposed canyon rim most uncomfortable, but during the early days of this period we engaged in an out of season haying operation. We must have rough feed for our horses and as no hay was obtainable we borrowed a mower from Fuller, and in a low swale in the table land cut enough dead grass to make a sizeable stack of the so called hay. The curing was not much of an operation for the grass had not only been subject to the heavy frost but it had been covered with a fine blanket of snow. It certainly was not ideal feed but it took our stock through the winter, supplemented with a goodly supply of oats.

Our problem was to find a vein of coal as good as the best in our two thin bands and thick enough to pay for mining- five feet or more. The logical procedure might have been to seek elsewhere- to the eastward where there were broad areas- but a search of a canyon in that direction gave no signs of coal; so we planned to drift on our thin veins with a view of determining whether they were thickened as they ran back under heavy cover. This was hard, slow work- the two veins, each less than a foot in thickness, were separated by about two feet of hard sandstone so we drove a four and a half foot tunnel, the two coal seams and sandstone "horse".

In the early winter the cabins were completed and we moved down into the canyon near our coal veins, among the pines and into more comfortable quarters. With augmented forces we began another drift- the first was to the south east, the second to the northwest- and these under way, we started another shaft farther up the canyon, where we expected to cut the veins at a depth of fifty feet.

December brought very cold weather- twenty below zero- and heavy snow. Hells canyon was impassable, so we turned for supplies in the opposite direction to Sundance, our county seat, fifty miles north west- Sundance, nestling in its narrow valley between the pine clad slopes of the Bear Lodge and the abrupt granite precipice of Sundance Mountain. Sundance gave us welcome, for we were also of Wyoming, and our coming was appreciated, our trade helpful. Here we purchased supplies for our christmass dinner. Invitations went out to the Y-T Ranch, to Beaver Creek, and of course to our only near neighbors, The Fuller's and Vallentine's and christmass eve we dedicated our new camp. Fuller furnished the venison, Mrs Vallentine baked cakes, and Hans, our cook, did himself proud. It was a merry party, and after a bountiful dinner, the tables were moved back, and to the stirring strains of the harmonica of Hans and old Bill Jones's fiddle, we danced good old fashioned square dances on the rough, unplanned floor. There were only seven women, so to make two "fours", Big Mike, his strong right arm bedecked with a red bandana as a distinguishing mark, became the extra "lady". and thus the dance went on, until breakfast was served and our party came to an end as, in the clear cold of the early morning, we bade our guests good-by.

Checked for accuracy

By Ellie M. Hongschi

Title Teacher

Place Newcastle

To be continued

Olaf B. Kongsli
Weston County, Wyo.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This account was taken from recent issues of the Newsletter. The Autobiography of Mr. Mondell's life was sent by him to his old home town paper from his present home in Washington D. C.

In drifts and shaft the work went steadily on and as it progressed I began work down the canon, to determine why there was no coal exposure beyond the narrow space in which the flood waters had exposed the vein. Big Mike was a master hand at this work. We dug far into the hillside but there was no coal- instead there was very thin layer of clay-like material which when cast into water dissolved. It was not clay but ash- the ash left by the burning of the vein. We dug into the hillside day after day through broken rock and finally came to coal- not quite as thick as where we were working- less than a foot, but where it had burned it had left about half an inch of ash. We had found the solution of our problem but we did not realize it at the time.

One of our boys hunting at the head of Plum Creek, six miles north, had found a smudge of black material he thought might be coal, but before I found time to investigate it the snow was so deep it did not seem possible to reach it. We tried it however, with stout saddle and pack horses and found the blackened remains of an old stump. But the place looked favorable, and after considerable prospecting we found a ledge of the alum-tainted sandstone that lay above our coal vein at camp. It did not seem worth while to establish a camp on this uncertain showing, so with several stout horses we broke a trail from camp and with two hardy fellows I began daily horse back trips to work this new prospect. We found coal- thin and of poor quality, but now we knew where the vein lay in that section. That helped later.

During the period of this long range prospecting, we came to be short of meat at camp, so one afternoon I left the boys in camp at their work, telling them not to await my return, and leaving my saddle horse by our camp fire, I started over the hill in search of a deer. A mile south in an evergreen thicket I found my game, a beautiful black tail buck. He was feeding, and as he raised his head, the look in his brown eyes so disconcerted me that what should have been a fatal shot was almost a miss

and the buck leaped into a thicket and away, leaving a trail of blood from a broken leg. Of course I followed, ~~but~~ one could not leave a wounded deer. At every brush cover he stopped to rest and was away again at my approach. And so for more than a mile down the narrowing gulch and into a rocky canon. In a fine grove of aspen on the edge of a park-like opening the chase was ended. I dressed my buck, hung him out of reach of wandering wolves and looked about. It was an attractive spot at the junction of branching canons whose slopes were aspen and pine clad, entrancing now with a heavy mantle of snow. But it was far from my horse and camp-the winter dusk was falling -and from the north an icy, piercing wind was swaying the tree tops. We shall hear more of this canon of the aspen patch later.

The struggle through the snow back to the camp that night, rather lightly clad as I was, and in the face of a sleet-laden zero gale, is one of those adventures which one does not care to remember too clearly. It was an experience such as demonstrates the triumph of the will over the flesh, the force of the spiritual urge that carries on when bodily numbness and exhaustion submerge all physical fear and cry out for a moment's rest whatever the consequences.

The piercing north wind held true-it was the only guide in the gathering darkness to the final hilltop which revealed the dim glow of the smouldering campfire and brought the welcome whinny of my saddle horse shivering beside it.

The long winter evenings of these prospecting days afforded plenty of time for reading, but I had brought only a few books, and these had been read and re-read, and I looked for more mental fodder. I found it in the small but excellent library of Mr. Benjamin Fowler, attorney at Sundance and that of a mining friend at Custer-history, biography, geology and law mostly. Newspapers and magazines furnished the lighter reading, though they were from a week to ten days old at the best when they reached us.

The region in which we were located was fine game country. The adjacent

plains werethe home of large numbersof sage hen, and in the hills were covies of mountain grouse.The pine-clad upland slopes and canons sheltered white and black tail deer, and the open spaces were the feeding grounds of bands of antelopes.The coyotes were sufficiently numerous to afford us a regular twilight serenade;timber wolves roamed far and wide and the rough areas harbored an occassional mountain lion.We were too busy to spend much time hunting,but I frequently rode with a rifle and six shooter hung to my saddle, and as our saddle horses were gun trained and would stand where ever left with reins trailing, I found many opportunities for good sport.

The first days of spring brought Bill Kilpatric and a "Down East" coal geologist, a Mr. C. We checked the evidence of our work in the drifts so far- only a slight thickening of the vein and a thinning of the sandstone, towards the east, demonstrating that our work here was fruitless and not affording much hope of a workable vein farther east .We continued the work on the shaft, however, and with a view of testing the veins farther up the canon installed a light hand power diamond drill.

During the winter as friendly cow punchers drifted into camp from time to time, they brought stories of dark exposures in one direction or another, which they thought might be worth investigating. One of these was on Oil Creek near the ranch of Jimmie Lagrieves, twelve miles northwest, and under the leadership of Bill Kilpatrick we organized to test it out. The snow drifts were still deep and travel over the rough country difficult, so we started on the new queat with light equipment-taking with us some long steel drills and most of our remaining supply of black powder. Early spring is always disagreeable in that country-and this was a particularly disagreeable spring. Arriving at our destination and without waiting to set up our flimsy camp, we tackled a black looking exposure on a steep hillside. The conditions did not invite leisurely proceedure. We drilled deep into the slope, blew out quite a considerable chamber, loaded in all our powder, and

touched it off. It was a fine shot-it blew off the entire hill front and left a five foot bed of carbonized shale that would burn a trifle if carefully coaxed and tended, but was valueless as a fuel. We prospected the country round about for a few days and then returned to Fuller Canon.

Our geologist was all for examining the lignite field farther on west-he entertained the hope that there might be some coal suitable to our purpose. Leaving the shaft and drill crews at work, we organized for the trip west, taking enough men and equipment to establish a number of small camps. Working our way off the table land we took the roundup trail to Buffalo Creek, past the Ship ~~Wagon~~ Wheel Ranch and on to Donkey Creek, where we left our first camp, three men, a few tools, a small tent and "grub" enough to last a few days. Then on to Stone Pile Draw and northward to the breaks of the Little Missouri River and west again to the rugged slopes of Wild Horse Creek, leaving a small camp at that point. Here Mr. Kilpatrick and Mr. C. left us for further excursion to Powder River, and on to Goose Creek, where lay some lignite veins. The spring weather was chilly but clear and the work was interesting.

John Walters was combination cook and teamster for the expedition. The boys had entertained ~~hopes~~ Mr. C. with lurid tales of spring freshets of flood proportions, suddenly transforming a dry gulch into a raging torrent and carrying everything to destruction in its path. On the occasion of our first stop, practical John wanted to camp in a low sheltered spot near water-Mr. C. with the flood stories in mind, preferred the hilltop. It was my unpleasant duty to decide between these two opinions, and as we were dependant on John for our food, I decided in his favor; where upon Mr. C. with supper having been served in the open, as the night came on, carried his blanket roll to an adjacent hill, out of the way of all possible freshets. The morning disclosed him sleeping in the vicinity of the rest of the party-his descent from the hilltop having occurred sometime during the night, when a coyote chorus from the surrounding hills got into full

cry. Nevertheless, the disagreement occurred each evening, also the temporary encampment of Mr. C. on the hilltop and his descent therefrom ~~each~~ some time during the night.

With a good horse and a trusty rifle slung from my saddle, I journeyed from camp to camp, changing locations, directing the prospecting and ordering supplies from time to time; and thus we explored a wide area. There was no end of coal, but none of it was suitable for locomotive use. The country was full of antelope and every creek bend thicket and lignite blowout harbored black tail deer. It required little effort and afforded fine sport to keep the camps in venison.

Mr. Kilpatrick and Mr. C. were not successful in locating coal to the southwest and returning they left us to conclude our search. No favorable prospects having been developed, we gradually withdrew from the lignite country and re-assembled our forces in the Fuller Canon camp. Our men in charge of shaft and diamond drill had penetrated the vein with no result except to further indicate the possibility of the thickening of the vein farther to the east.

About this time the need of supplies available only at that point necessitated a journey to Deadwood and Lead in the eastern Hills. It was a difficult sixty miles, with no road except the dim reminder of an old salt trail, and, farther on, the old Deadwood-Sidney stage coach road. But the crude road making necessary to get the wagons down off the table land and into the valley of Salt Creek, six miles northeast, exposed a thin band of coal, worthless except as it fixed our coal horizon in that direction. We now had located our vein at Fuller Canon, at the head of ^{Plum} ~~Salt~~ Creek and on Salt Creek, but at none of these stations was there anything approaching a workable vein of coal. Between these widely separated locations lay the wide table land, cut near its eastern edge by a series of canons of varying depth, in one of which lay the aspen patch where I had killed the buck the

winter before, and to this location we now turned.

* * *

The vallies and canons that cut the wide table land were grassed and pine a clad, the brush and tree-grown slopes covered the rock ledges affording no evidence of coal. We were about to put to test the theory of burning the band as we had developed it in Fuller Canon, in an effort to locate under these grassy slopes the ash band which would reveal the thickness and character of the vein-if it was there. With pack outfits I located three small camps-one in the canon beside the aspen patch, one in a canon a mile away to the northeast towards Plum Creek, another towards Salt Creek towards the east; at these three different points we began to trench the hillsides with a view of uncovering the rock fronts and locating the points where the coal should appear.

It seemed a very questionable venture, but our boys went at it with enthusiasm-Mike O'Connel (Iron Car Mike) James E. (General Grant) and (REV) Levi R. Davis in charge. It was some time before we were able to locate, even approximately the geological horizon of the vein, but finally above the aspen patch we discovered it, and driving thru the loose material came upon the ash. And what a find it was -nearly four inches in thickness. It looked like a band of fire clay, but a fragment dashed into a bucket of water dispersed and revealed its ashen character. Soon the other camps located it and there was lively and exciting contest between these three small groups. Around the campfires, the boys, from the body and color of the ash, made guesses on the thickness and character of the coal and when we should strike it.

We had supposed it was only a matter of a few feet to the face of the coal, but the massive sandstone ledges above the vein had, as the fire raged inward from the outcroppings, long and firmly held their place, admitting *air* to feed the flames as they advanced under the hill. We were none of us

except Davis, practical miners, and that was fortunate, as we would have adopted the slow careful timbering methods of such gentry. Instead we drove narrow entries thru the broken rock arching them at the top. They were not entirely safe-but fortune favored us for we had no serious rock falls. Day after day from the crack of dawn until dusk, the work went steadily on. We rebuilt the wheelbarrows with which we removed the soil, in order to get them thru our narrow entries.

Gradually the material we were penetrating grew firmer. The rock roof in settling to its new bed had here been but slightly broken and it was not easily mined, as we dared not use powder in our shaky drifts, but at the bottom was that ash holding its thickness as we advanced. It was a potent load stone leading us on and spurring us to activity. We finally agreed as to the probable thickness of the drift and concluded it had a band of inferior material in the center, as evidenced by a black streak in the creamy ash. We strove strenuously to confirm our strengthening faith.

Grant first reached the unburned seam, more than a hundred feet in from the mouth of his entry. There it stood-six and one half feet ~~xxx~~ of it, black and shiny, apparently of excellent quality. There was no rest in the other entries after the shrill signal previously agreed upon announced the find and curiously enough, within twentyfour hours all three had reached the unburned coal vein. The front was about the same in character and quality, but thickest was Davis' entry, and in every case it was remarkable how accurately we had gauged both thickness and quality from the ash seams.

It will be realized that we lost no time in dispatching the news by a swift carrier to the nearest telegraph station, and by wire to our anxious friends and they came swiftly to view the find. The days and months of toil and effort and repeated disappointment were all forgotten in the assurance that we had found the object of our intensive search, and that coal extended under a wide area.

While we were satisfied as to the character of our fuel, the Burlington people were in this behalf "Doubting Thomases"; they wanted it tested. There were no roads near the openings, the sevenmile canon leading to the plains was impassable, the descent from the table land with a heavily loaded wagon difficult. Laborously, sack by sack and basket by basket, the coal was packed up the hills from the entries, loaded onto wagons and with good strong teams eased down the hills and hauled over rough unbridged trails a hundred and forty miles to the end of the rails of the advancing line at Alliance, Nebraska. There the test was made on the Burlington locomotives, the coal pronounced acceptable and we were faced with the problem of mining it.

* * *

The coal found, the work had just begun. Title must be secured to the Government land on which we were to operate, mines must be opened, a saw mill built to supply mine and building materials, wagon roads must be constructed to connect the various operations and a railroad down the canon seven miles to the junction of the proposed line. At this point a town must be built where headquarters of the various operations would be established. There was also a hundred and forty miles of line to be graded and ironed to connect our operations with the end of the line at Alliance, but this latter was no part of my job.

To even begin these projects we must get out of Fuller Canon camp. The Fuller farm was purchased and then Big Mike was put in charge of the erection of permanent log buildings, commodious and well built houses and ~~ba~~ barns. I called it the Home or Mount Zion Ranch and a real ranch it became and for some time, the headquarters of operations. Over the long, tough trail from Alliance, equipment was hauled for the sawmill, laborously up the table and by block and tackle down the canon, three miles below the mines to be, which someone wisely suggested be called Cambria. The wagon road down the canon to the saw mill and four

miles farther to the plains was soon under way. As rapidly as men and material could be assembled, the mine openings were ~~assembled~~, started wide, stoutly timbered double openings on either side of the aspen patch, christened "Jumbo" and "Antelope".

It was soon after these operations were well under way and our pay roll had assumed considerable dimensions that we began to be troubled with bootleggers. While we were but few in numbers and fifty miles from the nearest source of wet goods, we had but little trouble with drinking among our men; but now were sufficient in number to tempt liquor expeditions. Furthermore, we realized that some enterprising ginmill proprietor might at any time locate a saloon in our very midst. With a view of preventing such an occurrence, I had encouraged our men in whom I had confidence, and who were disposed to do so, to homestead the non-coal lands in our vicinity.

There still remained much open public land and we watched all comers with a view of discouraging a whisky "joint" near our activities until there might be a town established whose authorities could control such enterprises.

In this situation, there appeared at camp one day, one F. R. Curran, whom I knew as the genial proprietor of an extensive wet goods and gambling establishment at Custer. I surmised at once the purpose of Mr. Curran's visit and he lost no time in disclosing it. In his usual urbane and jocular way he stated, that as, with ^aour increasing number of workers, someone would be tempted to locate in the vicinity to "quench the thirst and afford them entertainment when the dry climate gets on their nerves, and their pay begins to burn holes in their pockets." It had occurred to him that quite ^{properly} ~~properly~~ he might be the party to supply that growing need.

My visitor further stated that while his business was selling whiskey and the opportunity to indulge in a "square game of chance" he realized that these things did not mix well with the orderly conduct of such enterprises as we had in hand, at least in the immediate vicinity of such operations.

-Would I there fore suggest some point "not too near and not too far" where he might conduct his business with the least possible interference with mine. I assured him I was quite content to have the nearest sal~~l~~oon fifty miles away, but I realized that condition could not long continue and expressed the hope that if he did conclude to move into our vicinity, he would not insist on becoming too near a neighbor-adding "Where did you think of locating?"

"Well", saidnCurran, "As I came up this way from the L.A. K. I noticed a nice, smooth bench, sheltered by hills beside a small, clear stream. It struck me as being a pretty location-perhaps not near enough to your work to be objectionable. I was much inclined to favor it, especially when I discovered the water of the creek was very salty-that's not at all objectionable from my viewpoint. Wonder if you would object to me locating on Salt Creek and using my influence to dissuade the other whiskey merchants from getting neared your work," he continued. I was so relieved that he had not proposed a nearer locaion that I offered no objection to the proposal, for it was four miles to our nearest work and almost eight miles to the Home Ranch. Curran should have had the honor of naming the new town, but returning to Custer the location of his new venture was noised about and no one being disposed to question it, a grocer named Tubbs reached Salt Creek with a load of groceries and christened the place "Tubtown" before Curran arrived with his goods.

Some months later there came to our camp, a modest little gentleman, dresses in clerical garb, who introduced himself as Reverend Smith. He inform-ed me that, looking for a new field of missionary work, he had arrived in Tubtown and upon inquiring for the leading citizen had been referred to Mr. Curran. To Curran he ahd disclosed his purpose of erecting a building of worship between Mr. Curran's establishment and a similiar institution near by. Mr. Curran, he said, had politely but firmly suggested that a more suitable spot could be found a few rods down the road in a clump of cedars

and advised that "locating between two drinking and gambling joints is not appropriate for your worthy purpose."

Reverend Smith further informed me that, notwithstanding Curran's protestations, he had persisted in the purpose of "bringing the influence of religion right into the very center of those dens of iniquity." He had therefore purchased and had hauled to the spot he had chosen several loads of lumber and had thereupon gone to Custer for ~~another~~ material. "Will you believe," he said, almost tearfully, "that when I returned from Custer this morning, all my lumber was gone; and when I complained to Mr. Curran about it he said he had noted that it was quite green and as the climate was very dry, no doubt it had in my absence, evaporated."

"I have come to you for advice," continued Reverend Smith, because I am told you have the management of the various activities in this region." I told Reverend Smith that I agreed with Mr. Curran as to the proper location of his church, and that if he concluded to adopt this location I thought I might help. Together we went to Tubtown; the new site was selected; Curran contributed to the erection of the edifice and got all his fellow townsmen to do the same; the evaporated lumber reappeared; the church was built and continued as a place of worship until with the building of Newcastle, Tubtown faded away.

* * *

Some years before our coming, George Jacobson, a Deadwood miner, had discovered an oil spring a mile west of what we now call Cambria Canon debouches on the plain. The Homestake miners who flocked to the new and novel find located all of the surrounding country along the foot of the Hills with placer claims, which they, or their successors continued to hold by ^{relocations} ~~relocations~~ or questionable assessment work. This was the situation when we came to examine the region about the mouth of the Canon, where the branch of the new mines would connect with the main line, and where the new town would form the head quarters of the contemplated development which would naturally be built.

The claims were somewhat questionable, but ignore them would be to invite trouble, so they were purchased-presenting the problem of proving that they contained oil and thus securing title, or ~~proving~~ proving that they did not and then securing the title otherwise.

To this end we embarked on a an entirely new enterprise, drilling for oil; we were all new at that game and in our hurry to get under way, I established a wretchedly inadequate camp in the early spring of 1889, at almost the exact spot where John Walters and I had camped in 1887. We brought the diamond drill down from Fuller canon, five miles to the north west to supplement the Austrian drill with which we began operations. As far as I know, this was the first use of a diamond drill in an oil operation. In connection with this drilling we anticipated the "Roatry" by making and using it in the softer shales, a steel bit, in lieu of the diamond studded bit. We made fine progress with this outfit, but finally lost our core barrel at the bottom of a 600 foot hole. It is still there. We cut the oil sand at varying depths with both drills and found in a small quantity a beautiful, natural, highgrade lubercating oil. On this discovery, the lands were patented, and on a portion of them we proceeded to the build the town appropriately named Newcastle.

From the beginning of our operations in Wyoming, there had been the tedious and expensive long haul, over almost impossible roads, of farm product essential to man and beast, and it was therefore quite natural that we should look for nearer sources of supply. The venturesome Fullers and Vallentines had sought to supply the like needs by growing vegetables and forage crops unknown in this section. After establishment of the Home Ranch, I began to branch out with a like adventure, and with rather marked success, until eventually we had upwards of a thousand acres of the rolling upland under cultivation and cropped with wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and a variety of forage crops. It was the beginning in that section, of the "Dry Farming"

Cambria Canon had no water supply, save a small alum-tinctured spring. And for a time this bustling scene of development, as well as the operation at the new townsite of Newcastle, depended upon the precarious supply of water hauled from the small spring mid way of the canon. Four miles north west of Cambria beyond the towering walls of the table land, lay spring fed Sweet Water; the opening of the springs to increase the supply, the construction of a meandering flume to convey the water to the waters of Salt Creek Canon, the erection of a pumping plant to boost the waters over the hill to Cambria, ^{were} ~~were~~ essential enterprises, promptly undertaken, and not withstanding the numberless difficulties, speedily completed.

* * *

Newcastle, Minerva like, sprang from the brow of the rough pine clad slopes bordering the plain, full panoplied. Its virgin hills sides witnessed no prolonged period of shack and cabin, but substantial structures of brick and stone, equipped with up to date water fixtures and connected with a sewer system, fixed its first skyline. A brick yard and a stone quarry were among the first of our enterprises for the town, and even before the clear stream of sweet water had reached Cambria, work ~~had~~ begun on the seven mile pipe line down the canon for Newcastle's water supply. I grew impatient of the slow and difficult progress of the water line, however, and hastily laid a three mile pipe line from Cave Springs to afford a temporary water supply. I never felt entirely comfortable about this expenditure, but it served its purpose and those whose money I was ~~in~~ thus lavishly spending gave no sign of disapproval. I think I would have ~~felt~~ felt better if they ~~have~~ had.

* * *

The construction of the railway line from Alliance progressed very steadily, but the mining development could not await its coming, so up over the long tough gumbo road, across the treacherous sands and through

the spring floods of the Cheyenne River came the long string of teams bearing the great boilers and air compressors for the mines. Doubling teams, they made the steep ascent of the east table and with block and tackle their burdens were lowered into Cambria Canon, and set in place were had stood the aspen patch in which I hung the black tail buck.

* * *

People as busy as all our people were have little time or inclination for disorder, and except for our resident deputy sheriff, who had so little to do that I can not recall his name, there had been no representative of civil authority in our midst. But with the opening of our new townsite, building operations progressed rapidly, both in the business and residential districts, and large and substantial building housing the company store and offices, and equally substantial business blocks, were completed and occupied. Tubtown came enmasse, -saloons and dance halls- aplenty and thus within a brief period out of pines and sage brush arose a substantial community, with considerable resident and a large floating population with the need of a local government.

With the need, in accordance of American custom, came the ~~need~~ necessary action, on October 25, 1889, an application for incorporation of the town of Newcastle was made, and on November 12 an election was held and I was elected mayor of the new town. I cast my first ballot. Two years and a month had elapsed since our coming. In those days, Wyoming not only licensed saloons but such gambling games as Roulette and Faro. Every well established saloon had its games of chance, unless they varied the program by conducting dance hall with their inevitable young women attendants.

Newcastle, before we organized our city government, had required all these evidences of a lively and hustling frontier town. It was a well recognized fact that the peace and good order of a community in which many people carried guns was most subject to serious disturbance,

by reason of the some what play habit of a certain class of gun-toaters, of announcing their arrival or departure -or both- by shooting up the town. This form of amusement was more likely to be due to an excess of animal and liquid spirits than to any deep seated hostile purpose, but it did annoy nervous people, and if freely indulged in was quite certain to lead to serious trouble.

With this in mind our city fathers-Baird, Curran, Davis, Wiker and myself-held a meeting the following evening of our election, and, declaring an emergency, fixed a fine of fifty dollars for the firing of fire arms within the City limits, and our newly appointed marshal, Jim Swisher, was strictly charged with the enforcement of this, our first ordinance, without fear or favor. Having thus preformed our duty, I was awakened from a sound sleep by the sharp staccato of pistol shots accompanied by a series of ear splitting yells, as a rider galloped down the main street of our town.

Thus was our first ordinance shattered before the ink recording it was dry.

Bright and early the next morning Swisher came to report this fracture of the law. Instead of appearing officially indignant as I had expected, he appeared almost apologetic as he announced that the offender of the evening before was one, Hunter Bowen. Now Swisher knew that Hunter was one of my best friends and in charge of our sawmill up the canon, and he inquired with a merry twinkle in his eyes if it was my wish that he ride beyond the limits of his jurisdiction and bring in the culprit. I told him I would attend to the matter myself, and thus it became my painful duty at the mill to inform Hunter that he owed our new municipality fifty dollars and an apology. Hunter was a nice boy, but proud as became his southern breeding. He objected to the fine and most earnestly protested to the apology, explaining that he had shot at the stars and not at the town lights and knew nothing about what he referred to as "Your fool regulation." I was pained at my friend's lawlessness.

however he both paid the fine and apologized "out of consideration for ~~hh~~ the Mayor" as he was careful to explain. And thus was established a respect for our city ordinances. Notwithstanding the coming and going of many armed and hilarious visitors, this one was not broken again for a long time.

Our new town government was in operation none too soon, for within a week the last rail was laid connecting with the outer world, and amid tumultuous rejoicing the first passenger train pulled into town, bringing with it and in its wake, residential, business, and sporting additions to our population. With the additional forces from the completed main line, the work of grading and track laying on the mining branch was hurried forward, the mining development was expedited, and the first train of coal wound its way down the canon on December 4, 1889; the objective of our adventuresome expedition accomplished.

* * *

Then followed a busy and lively winter and spring- high pressure development at Newcastle and Cambria and all the way between, at the saw mill and in the logging woods, and on roads and pipe lines in the Canon. As forces could be assembled, camps were established on the new railroad lines now started and headed for Sheridan and Goose Creek. With the coming of spring the cattle round up moved up oil creek and the ranchmen and cowboys in all the surrounding country added to the picturesque quota and to the noise and bustle of the new town.

Under the watchful eye of Jim Swisher, order of a noisy sort prevailed. The saloons and dance halls paid well for their privileges and thus the very considerable cost of our town improvements and upkeep was met. The church people complained with reason, of the ^{raucous} ~~raucous~~ calls of the dance hall boosters on the Sabbath Day and even during the hours of services, and it required considerable effort to secure the abatement of this nuisance. Times were dull in all the regions round about, and so from

far and near, sporting gentry gathered to participate in the ^{gaiety} ~~gaily~~ and share in the prosperity of the community, until we had far more than our share of sporting professionals, some of whom were badly wanted by peace officers elsewhere. We were for the time ^{being} ~~being~~, the banner wide open frontier town of the north west.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHECKED FOR CORRECTION

BY Mice Kangelic
TITLE Teacher
PLACE Newcastle

See bibliography of former
manuscript.

S-670

The activities of our section naturally attracted the attention of the people of towns and cities farther east, who saw in the rapid development taking place opportunities for the extension of trade and business. We were therefore the objective of parties of business and professional men from these communities--arrived at our lively town, the gentlemen of these parties found much of interest in our wide-open establishments. I recall in particular one such visit. It so chanced that I had ridden one evening to the Home Ranch and there, bright and early the next morning, a messenger delivered to me a telegram addressed to me as mayor, announcing the coming of a party of gentlemen from "Lincoln, Nebraska, and it was signed Charles E. Dawes".

Naturally I was anxious to be in town and to welcome these visitors headed by one I have heard of as an influential young attorney and banker of Lincoln. Hastily saddeling and mounting, I started towards town. I wore my usual riding costume of the time-- boots and spurs, leather chaps, and over a blue wollen shirt a leather jacket, the costume completed by a wide brimmed Stetson hat bearing a band of rattlesnake skin. My heavy western saddle carried a Winchester rifle slung in a leather holster, and around the saddle horn was wrapped a cartridge belt carrying a Colt six-shooter. As I reached the outskirts of the town I heard the whistle of the incoming train, and spurring my steed to a lively gallop, I brought him to an abrupt stop at the station, dismounted and threw the reins over his head to the ground and left him standing, as I approached the party assembled on the platform and introduced myself to Mr. Dawes as the mayor.

S-670

My manner of approach and my costume were so usual for the time and place that it never occurred to me until I saw the surprised looks on some of the visitors, that they might think them out of the ordinary. Later I heard versions of this episode which certainly reflected credit on the lively imaginations and story-telling qualities of our visiting friends. Conducting the party to the fine headquarters, the store and the offices, I shed my chaps and spurs, and sallying forth, introduced them to our leading citizens, not excepting the proprietors of our numerous places of refreshments, entertainment and amusement-our visitors appearing to be highly interested. The leader of the party later made a successful hunting trip in our section and became a good friend. He then evidenced those splendid qualities which he later displayed in business life and still later on in an extraordinary field of important military and civil service at home and abroad.

With the coming of spring, work progressed on the new line north west, and to this I gave considerable time and attention, but there were many activities. We had for some time realized that Sweet Water would not furnish enough water for the extensive operations contemplated at Cambria, and had therefore sought other sources. ^{Four}~~10~~ miles northeast, beyond Salt Creek, towered the huge, picturesque, tree crowned mountain mass, which I had named Pisgah. Near the top of its southern front, a liquid jewel in its rocky crown, lay the crystal basin of a crystal spring. To tap this neverfailing fount and conduct its clear waters across the valley up the steep and iron bound rocky front of the mountain and down Salt Creek Canyon and over the hill-top to

S-670 discharge them in clouds of silver spray into the Cambria reservoir, was one of the most difficult and thrilling experiences and adventures of all these enterprises.

The boundaries of the workable vein at Cambria have been fairly well determined, but the stratum of the Cambria vein extended the length of the western Black Hills from the Cheyenne River to well beyond Sundance- over a hundred miles- and ten to twenty in width. Might not there be some other area in all this region carrying a workable vein? This was an interesting prospecting job that I persued from time to time. I found the veins at intervals over all the region, but nowhere workable as to quality or thickness.

We were living in times of important political activities. In the fall of 1889 the people of the Territory of Wyoming adopted a state constitution and on the twelveth of July, 1890, the state was admitted into the Union, the first womens sufferage state, as it had been the first universal sufferage terratory.

In January the last Territorial Legislature had divided Crook County and of its southern portion had created the County of Weston, with Newcastle as its Cpunty Seat. We remained, however, for purposes of representation, one with Crook County.

As the time for assembling of a convention at Sundance for the nomination of members of legislature approached, I was importuned to become a candidate for the office of State Senator. The idea did not appeal to me - I had not the slightest inclination for political office or experience, and lest I might be further urged, I refrained from attendance on the convention and sent word by our delegates that my name must not be presented to the convention. To clinch it I told them to say that not under any circumstances would I

S-670

accept the nomination.

When our delegates returned that in spite of my protests I had been nominated partly because of the Crook County people feeling that the large vote I was expected to poll in Weston County was necessary to overcome the Crook County vote for a popular Democratic candidate from that county. Eventually, however, I did yield to the appeals of my friends and accepted the nomination, with the understanding that I should not make any campaign. As election day approached, however, some of our Crook County people came down and pleaded with me to at least show myself to the people up there and make a few talks in the county districts, and reluctantly I agreed to do so. I shall never forget that first attempt at a political address. After a drive of over sixty miles thru Sundance and about the spreading base of the majestic Devils Tower, we arrived at the little log school house on the banks of the Belle Fourche where I was to speak. The meeting was in full swing, and as my companion opened the door and we passed in from the night, the light from the kerosene lamps were blinding. The little school house was so full of people that it was with difficulty that we advanced to the small platform. Arriving here, I was immediately introduced, fortunately in a few and simple words. For a moment I seemed to be paralyzed in mind and body, but as I looked at the friendly faces I felt relieved and my self confidence returned. The address was brief; I was, I told them, like themselves, a country man. I had no knowledge of law making nor any particular ambition along that line, but I had been nominated and felt it was my duty to appear among them. If after looking me over they were disposed to vote for me and I was elected, I would do my best to look after their interests. I think my political friends

S-670 were disappointed with my talk, but on election day I received most of the votes of the people of that precinct. I made two more brief talks in school houses in those beautiful Bear Lodge hills and returned home hoping I would be defeated, but I was not. Election day found me a senator elect of the ~~Wyoming~~ first State Legislature of Wyoming.

* * *

I had a busy period between the election and the convening of the legislature on November 12th, arranging for my absence and in due time I arrived in Cheyenne, ready for my new duties. I knew comparatively few people at the State Capitol and still fewer of my legislative colleagues. I was a new-comer among old timers, and was younger than most of the men in official life. Cheyenne, always an attractive little city, - at one time said to be the richest per capita in the country - was at that time depression caused by the enormous losses of range cattle in the winter of 1886 - 1887. Nevertheless the town had a lively air and there was much social life enhanced by the proximity of Fort D. A. Russell. The great majority of official, professional and business men of the town were a fine type and the ladies were charming. I found everybody friendly and early concluded that I would enjoy my stay there.

The forty-eight men constituting the first legislature were almost without exception men of affairs in their communities and of high intelligence and character. It chanced that I was the youngest of the group and much younger than a majority of my 14 ~~colleagues~~ colleagues of the Senate. I felt awed and a little embarrassed when I first took my seat in the handsome Senate chamber of the Capitol, but I soon got the hang of the procedure sufficiently to begin to feel reasonably comfortable.

S-670

The first important business after organization was the election of two senators to represent the State of Wyoming at Washington; and here was sown seed for future trouble. Joseph M. Cary had served the state most acceptably as delegate for congress during the fight for state hood, and his election to the senate was a foregone conclusion. As to the other senator the situation was not so clear. Francis E. Warren was Territorial Governor at the time of our admission to statehood; in fact, this was his second excellent service in that capacity - and his election as governor of the new state seemed the proper, natural, and logical thing. There were those who were of the opinion that Governor Warren also harbored an ambition to be senator, and some of these sat in the Constitutional Convention of 1889.

It is a splendid document, that constiyution,- it reflects great credit on the men who drafted and the people who adopted it. It is, however, unusual in several respects; for instance, no provision was made for a lieutenant governor. This was said to be a gesture of economy. The effect was there was no officer selected and elected by the people in immediate line of succession to the governor. The Constitution also contains a provision to the effect that the governor shall not be eligible for any other office during the term(four years)for which he is elected. Taken together, these two provisions would appear to attach the governor rather firmly to his chair, for his four year term. Governor Warren had been elected for such a term.

Our legislature, in joint session, proceeded to the election of Judge Cary as senator three days after it convened. Three days later Governor Warren was elected senator and six days thereafter he resigned the office of governor and Amos W. Barber(Dr. Barber of the Virginian)Sectetary of State, becoming acting governor.

S-670

The senators elected, and by lot Cary assigned a four and Warren a two year term, the Legislature settled down to the strenuous task of charting the new course of the state and legislating for its people under the new constitution. The work was well and expeditiously performed. I do not think I contributed a particularly important service to these proceedings, but I endeavored to by study and inquiry to secure the information necessary to enable me to form an intelligent opinion of them. As our labors covered a wide field they afforded an unusually fine legislative schooling.

* * *

The early spring found me back at home and on the job. The work on the line to the north west, after slacking during the winter, was speeded up, building and development at Cambria was continued, a greatly increased acreage was seeded and planted at the Home Ranch. The wells we had drilled on the Newcastle townsite were of meager yield, and the oil carried little kerosene - the oil product then in demand - but they raised great expectations, so in the early summer of 1890 we did some drilling south of town with the Austin drill, with slight success. Later an experienced driller arrived from Pennsylvania, and still farther ~~xxx~~ to the south a "Standard Rig" the first in that region, was erected. Power and tools installed and the drilling of a deep well begun. This rig cut the oil sand while I was in Cheyenne, but the production of gas and oil was small. In search of a more productive sand, drilling was carried to a depth of over 1300 feet, but without favorable results. Later a well was drilled on Oil Creek which was even less successful. Altogether it was a rather expensive experience, as oil wells frequently are.

* * *

The second winter in our town had been active and bustling.

S-679 It was now the trade and recreation center for a wide territory, which in this season took its holiday and laid in its summer supplies. Cowboys from the ranches and workers from the new railroad line took advantage of the season of slack work to spend their summer's wages. With the coming of spring, winter trainers and sojourners returned to their accustomed tasks - Cambria became a more self sufficient and self-centered town - the bloom of the "Hurrah" day was fading.

With these changing conditions it became apparent that we harbored more gentlemen with no visible means of support other than their gambling skill, than could earn an honest living even under the most liberal definition of the term. Swisher reported an attempted hold up, and then another, and the robbery of an inebriated stranger in town. The town had been very gay in a boisterous way, but it had been safe and free from violence, and we proposed to keep it so, if possible. The list which I handed Swisher after a council meeting, with instructions to notify the score whose names it bore that their departure from our midst was desired within twenty-four hours, had been carefully, and further and later information confirmed, wisely compiled.

John Hines was a big, burley fellow who ran a hotel boarding house at which, it chanced, a number of those whose departure was requested, boarded, and they owed John heavily and would not or could not pay. Steady as John was when sober, whiskey fired him to violence; conscious of this fact, John had for a year or more been a teetotaler in the midst of temptation. Now, persuaded to heavy drinking and plied by his delinquent guests with a weird tale to the effect that the departure order had for its sinister purpose the secret desire to ruin him financially by depriving him of his boarders, he became the tool of these designing men. It was a beautiful spring morning. The train, the evening before had brought me from Omaha a new, double breasted top coat and I wore it as I kept an early morning engagement

S-670 with the manager of our lumber yard on the outskirts of town, for a checking of his accounts.

The accounts were correct and business good, and I was feeling very cheerful as I turned into the main streets on my way to my office at headquarters. Half way to my destination I approached John's boarding house and noticed him and a companion standing at the outer edge of the sidewalk. Striding along with my hands in the pockets of my new top coat, I nodded a salutation to John and his companion and was about to pass on when John abruptly challenged me and demanded of me to know if I intended to persist in the execution of departure order. I told him I did and was about to continue on my way when there was the clear click of the cocking of a weapon, and, before I fully realized what was happening, the report of a pistol and the sharp prick and heavy shock which mark a wound at close range from a large calibre gun. A second shot tore thru the rim of my hat, as the first had pierced the new melton coat, As I was not armed, I quite naturally turned from the line of fire and staggered towards the office.

There were a few minutes not clearly recalled and then, as I lay on the bed in my quarters, I heard disquieting tones of muffled conversation. It appeared that no doctor had as yet been found, and in the absence of medical advice it was assumed that the town was about to lose its mayor. Before this occurred it was asserted, there should be a swift ceremony down at the bridge, with John Hines as star performer.

This was the kind of tonic I needed; I was aroused by twin ~~resent~~ resentments - the idea that I was supposed to be about to die and the suggestion that our well ordered town should be the scene of a lynching bee. I determined to see the City Fathers, and Baird and Curran appearing, I secured from them a promise, supported by the

S-670

marshal, that all talk of a lynching should be silenced and no violence or disorder allowed to occur. Fortunately the doctor, when he appeared, had the good sense not to probe too deeply for or attempt to remove the .45 calibre bullet imbedded close to the spinal column; and being strong and hearty, I soon recovered, though I long suffered from the effects of that lump of lead, which I still carry.

Honorable Willis Van Devanter, Wyoming District Judge, now an honored member of the Supreme Court of the United States, sentenced John to six years in the penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois. It came to be a regular pastime for the opposition in political campaigns in which I was engaged during John's Incarceration, to circulate petitions for his release and publish abroad the fact that I would not sign them. When, however, the time approached for John's term, shortened by good behavior, neared its close, I applied to the governor for his pardon. He was pardoned and sent the governor a polite note of thanks.

Somewhat to my surprise, soon after the pardon, I received a telegram from down the road, signed by John, asking me to send him a small sum to enable him to get home. I did not send it but it was sent, and when John arrived he called on me and commented on the good treatment he had received at Joliet, and how much he had learned while there. He had entered Ignorant and illiterate - and came out literate and well read. He wanted to get away from the stir and temptations of towns, and some friends found him a small ranch, which, with the assistance of a newly acquired and helpful wife, he cultivated and paid for. I occasionally visited John and his wife, and they remained my good friends.

* * *

This was the banner year of the Home Ranch; more than 25,000 bushels of grain were grown and threshed and upwards of 2,500 bushels of potatoes dug. The wheat was milled at Alliance and consumed at Newcastle

S-670 and Cambria, and having taken up the raising of swine on the place on a large scale, most of the rye and barley was fed there. The rye crop was, however, beyond the needs of home consumption, and looking for a market, I learned that owing to a severe drouth, there was a good demand for rye in Germany, so we shipped several carloads to Hamburg and netted 59 cents a bushel.

* * *

With the beginning of extensive operations at the Cambria mines the work was placed in charge of an experienced mining engineer and operator from the Hocking Valley coal fields and thereafter, except for the furnishing of supplies and materials from the Ranch, the sawmill and the head quarters store, and attention to supplies and some general supervision, I had little to do with the operations of the mines. But I cannot leave Cambria, even temporarily, with out a word in regard to that unique coal town and locality.

The geologist that reported that the Black Hills uplift are coal bearing, was very correct from the standpoint of the general accepted theory of the origin and genesis of coal mines. No tropical jungle forests ever occupied these areas. Instead, the foliage of low, fern like growths, annually spread over a wide area, storm gathered, and transported by sluggish currents, to be deposited in a delta basin, formed the Cambria vein. While this growth covered many hundreds of square miles, here alone, in a tract of a few hundred acres, were the deposits of sufficient depth and purity to form, thru the ages of chemical change under enormous pressure a workable coal field. After long periods of gradual uplift and slow processes of erosion had exposed the coal on cannon fronts. Slow burning fires and consumed it far back under the massive sandstone cover which in gradually settling to its new bed had covered the fire wounds, and successive growths of trees and

S-670 shrubs and grass had concealed and obliterated them. Except for the curious and unusual chain of circumstances which led to the final uncovering of that which nature had so cunningly concealed, this, the only workable deposit of bituminous coal in all that vast region, might have remained undiscovered indefinitely, possibly permanently.

Cambria and the Cambria mines had many claims for distinction.

Here the first coal undercutting machines west of the Missouri were installed. It was among the first, if not the first, western coal mine using compressed air for its power and electricity for lighting. Here was planned, worked out and established, the first great coal crushing and sorting plant in all the west. Few, if any, mines in all the western country had a like history of long, uniform and continuous production. None excelled Cambria in freedom from serious accidents and labor disturbances. For nearly forty years this great plant continuously and almost without interruption afforded well paid employment for hundreds of miners and sent its daily trains of coal down the winding canon. For all this long period of peace and order prevailed and favorable conditions for its people were ^{maintained} ~~maintained~~ under an efficient management. From Sweet Water and Pisgah came an unfailling supply of pure water, supplimented in later years by deep well, where William Kilpatrick's practical judgement solved the pumping problem which had baffled the hydraulic engineers. For years Cambria's batteries of bee-hive ovens sent pillars of smoke by day and shafts of golden glow by night over the rim of the canon's walls - the only coke ovens in all the great northwest.

When at last the miles of galleries had penetrated, fan-like, to the limits of the workable vein, the last available coal pillar had been pulled, and over twelve millions tons of marketable coal had been produced, its long period of active, bustling life drew to a close.

S-670 Its schools on hill and in dale held their last sessions; Its churches their last services, its lodges their last meetings, and the busy workers, bidding a regretful farewell to comfortable homes and carrying with them the fond memories of pleasant ~~memories~~ associations, departed to wide spread fields of future activity.

I have not seen Cambria since these occurrences- possibly my children shall see its site in the days when the healing hand of nature has crumbled the man made structures and obliterated man made scars, when the grass again clothes the hillsides and again carpets the slope and vale, and it shall be said as of old: "So fade the works of man back to the earth again".

I have advanced so far beyond the thread of my story that I am tempted to tell of Cambria's perhaps most unique distinction- that of being a coal mine which was also a gold mine. When Dr. Carpenter, in the early days of Cambria's operation, built a smelter at Deadwood for the recovery of gold and silver from the refractory ores of the Black Hills, the transportation cost of eastern coke was so high as to encourage the building of coke ovens at Cambria- the coke they produced was a trifle high in ash but hard and silvery and equal to any in burden bearing qualities. It was quite natural that neighboring the gold producing section of the hills, our early prospecting activities aroused interest as to the possible gold bearing quality of some of our measures, and it came to be known that some of the clay of the locality carried small quantities of gold. One, at least, of our early miners, insisted that the coal vein carried a small amount of gold, but as coal is a fuel and not an ore, all this was quite forgotten when the coal operations got under way.

S-670

There is some difference of opinion as to when and why the gold bearing quality of the coal again came to be considered in connection with the use of coke. I have heard that this interest was perhaps first aroused by a rumor of the curious fact that the Deadwood smelter actually produced more gold per ton of smelter ~~an~~ charge than the careful ~~free/assay~~ pre assay of the charging ore disclosed. At any rate a long and accurate testing of the coke at the mine demonstrated a gold content of from fifty cents to upwards of a dollar per ton, and on this evidence negotiations ~~were~~ were undertaken with the smelter people. They quite naturally hooted the suggestion and protested payment, but eventually and until the abandonment of the Deadwood smelter they paid regularly, in addition to the coke price, a bonus for the gold in the coke.

Cambria's closing witnessed an act peculiarly fitting and in keeping with its romantic history. Eventually the Kilpatrick's sold the mines to eastern investors headed by Elwood Ravenold of New York and under the management, first of Louis T. Wolle, and later of Walter Schoonemaker, the mines were successfully operated. on the closing of operations, at Mr. Ravenold's suggestion there was erected at the expence of the owners, in the beautiful Salt Creek valley over the hill from Cambria, a very handsome, substantial stone memorial building dedicated to the discoverers, operators and workers of the mine. I am glad to have the oppertunity to express my appreciation of that uniquely graceful and generous action.

(finis)

CHECKED FOR ACCURACY. BY Miss M. Hongsch TITLE Teacher PLACE Newcastle

O.B. Kongsli
Weston County

The following accounts, bearing on the development of this country, were taken from the files of The Newcastle -News Journal, dated Sept. 21. 1906.

The First National Bank of Newcastle has recently purchased Panama Canal Bonds, issued by the United States Government to the amount of \$18,750. The purchase of these bonds shows the excellent condition of the bank and it also permits the bank to become a government depository to a certain amount.

HIS 6TH NOMINATION

IT was a foregone conclusion that Hon. Frank Mondell would be the candidate to succeed himself in the United States Congress. No other name has been given a thought. At Casper his name was on every tongue and the rousing reception he received must have been a source of satisfaction to him. It was at Casper that he received his first nomination.-----
To get over the work preformed by Hon. Frank Mondell would be to vainly repeat the history of congressional legislation. Since Statehood, he has been in the van of every battle for the supremacy of Wyoming. He has taken a leading part in all congressess for the betterment of conditions in all arid regions. In the irrigation congress just held in Boise, he took a leading part, delivering one of the most eloquent addresses presented to that body. None is better posted than Mr. Mondell in all matters pertaining to western development. Being a close student of nature and an agriculturist by inclination, he has devoted much study to dry farming methods and also phases of reclamation thru irrigation. In the latter work he has not confined his efforts to Wyoming, but has made a personal investigation of almost every irrigation proposition of any note in the entire west. He stands for the small farm area, believing it is better to farm a small tract of land

successfully than a large one at a loss. In his investigation of this particular phase of farming, he was surprised to find that those communities with the smallest farming areas were the most successful.

In his congressional work, Mr. Mondell has been aggressive, fearless, thorough and effective. His state has ever received proper recognition at the hands of the president of the United States, the several departments of Washington and his co-workers in the house of representatives. No western has been given more important work to perform and no congressman has been more efficient.

In the recent session of congress Mr. Mondell secured the passage of an act of great value to the entire state. Reference is made to the act providing to entries to forest reserve land more valuable for agriculture than for forestry purposes. Under this act, many tracts of land in the forest reserves of Wyoming may be entered. This land is valuable because of its proximity to water and timber. Generally speaking this land is more sheltered than prairie land. There was a great hue and cry in Wyoming two years ago because of the withdrawal of lands for forestry purposes that had no semblance of forest on them. This evil is now obviated.-----

As chairman on the committee of irrigation, Mr. Mondell has been in a position to protect Wyoming interests. The state has fared well at the hands of the Department of the Interior, because of the prominence of the Wyoming delegation.

It is a high compliment to the intelligence of the people of Wyoming that Mr. Mondell's majorities have grown larger and larger as he grows older in the service. All indications point to the conclusion that in the election this fall, he will poll the banner vote.

The following excerpts are pictures of life in old Cambria when it was a booming coal mining town. It is now a deserted Ghost Town. These sketches were taken from the Newcastle NEWS - JOURNAL, dated May 11, 1900.

LOG ROLLING

Camp 5009 M. W . A. of Cambria will give a log rolling ball on Fri. eve May 18 . 1900 at the Cambria opera house.

The chips will be carefully swept from the floor, the key will hang on the outside of the door and all our friends are earnestly requested to attend.

Do not let the children keep you at home but bring them with you and let us have a good old western time.

Admission to all parts of the show is free. We want it strictly understood , however , that intoxicants are not tolerated.

WE WILL CELEBRATE.

The glorious 4th will be properly observed in Newcastle. At a public meeting of our citizens held in the city hall last evening, it was decided that the citizens of the county be requested to join with the people of Newcastle in a fitting observation of the coming 4th of July.----- Those who interviewed the people of Cambria assured the meeting of the cordial co-operation of the people of that progressive town. At the close of the meeting it was unanimously decided that a rousing celebration be held in Newcastle and committees were appointed to begin preparations.

OBSERVATIONS - APRIL, 20. 1900

Newcastle having had two Sundays of Easter observance , we presume that those who worshiped among the gorgeous array of head gear and display of streaming ribbons , will be content to take their religion straight for awhile here after.

Checked for accuracy

By L. A. Henderson

Title

Geologist

Place

Newcastle

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Olaf B. Kongsli
Newcastle, Weston, Co.

S-650

S-652

This was taken from old issues of the News Letter-Journal

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Olaf B. Kongsle
Newcastle, Wyoming

The following material taken from the Christmas Edition of the Leader and News Journal gives a very good character sketch of one of the most prominent men of this country, not only locally prominent, but State and nation wide----- The honorable Frank W. Mondell.

"Mr. Mondell has the distinction of being the most widely and favorably known person in Wyoming. Having that faculty of making friends, warm ones and plenty of them, wherever he goes, he has succeeded in building a circle of acquaintances of which any statesman might be justly proud. Like many another public man he comes from humble parentage. At an early age he is seen an orphan engaged in the agricultural pursuits of Iowa. Having been left to fight the battles of life for himself, his march from the plough to the floors of Congress is one of particular interest. Not content with the limited possibilities of the farm hand, he set to work to improve his condition, and next appears in a Mercantile establishment. Mr. Mondell came west in the early 1880's and engaged in the railway construction business. Here we see him work from water boy to the owner of a grading outfit, his last work of this kind being done in Weston County. In 1889 he became interested in Newcastle real estate and has to this day made this place his home. Enterprise and public spirit made him a man of marked influence in Weston County and in 1890 he was elected to Wyoming's first senate, and in 1892 was chosen president of that body. Mr. Mondell was Newcastle's first mayor, and held that office for five consecutive terms. In 1894 he received the nomination of Congressman on the Republican ticket, and was elected by a goodly majority.

His familiarity with western land conditions was soon recognized, and in 1896 he was appointed assistant commissioner of the general land office. In 1898 he was again returned to Congress, and so much had his work in behalf of Wyoming and the country at large been felt that at the recent election he was returned for the third time to that body, this time by the largest majority ever received by any candidate within the state.

Mr. Mondell was married May 13, 1899 to Miss Ida Harris of Laramie, Wyoming. Mrs. Mondell was born and reared in Laramie, her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, being among the most prominent and well to do citizens of Albany County. It is needless to say that a man of high personal qualities will sooner or later aspire to even loftier heights, and that the people of Wyoming demand it, knowing that he has been their greatest friend in the past and that he will be a still greater friend in the future."

The First Newspapers in Weston County

The first newspaper in Weston County was the Stockade Journal, owned by the Nefey Brothers of Sundance. When Tub Town was started The Nefey Brothers sent a young fellow by the name of Dow to edit the 10 x 12 sheet in Tub Town. When Tub Town moved to Newcastle, the printing office moved too, and the Stockade Journal evolved into the Newsletter Journal.

This excerpt was taken from the files of The Leader and News Journal, which papers went together to put out a fine special number for Christmas.

"The Weston County Leader was established in 1898 by its present publisher B. F. Hilton, and is considered one of the leading weeklies of the state. Notwithstanding the fact that the Leader

has only been in existence a little over two years, its subscription list tallies well with older papers. The Leader is one of the best advertising mediums in Wyoming. It is Republican in politics and has proved to be a powerful aid to that party. Its job department is complete, it being fitted with new material from start to finish, and it enjoys a liberal patronage from the merchants and citizens of this town.

The News Journal

The Newcastle Journal was one of the pioneer enterprises of Newcastle, having been established by Honorable J. L. Stotts and Harry C. Hensel in July 1889. Upon the organization of Weston County, in 1890, it was made the official paper of the County and has continued in that capacity up to the present day.

In the summer of 1890, the Newcastle News was established by F. H. Hall and was a progressive paper.

Finding the field too limited for two newspapers, in the latter part of 1891, they were consolidated under the head of Newcastle News Journal, with F. H. Hall as proprietor and editor.

Since that time there has been several changes in ownership, but the paper has continued to be the leading paper of the County and continually recognized as the official paper.

Politically, the News Journal has always warmly supported the Republican principles and given the candidates of that party its unwavering allegiance.

CHECKED FOR ACCURACY BY ALICE KONGSLIE TITLE: TEACHER

PLACE: NEWCASTLE

Bibliography Taken from Leader and News-Journal, Date unknown.